

635

3

13

by 1

PRICE,

15 CENTS.

LARRY



DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers,
NEW YORK.

PLAYS FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY

15 CENTS EACH

	F
CRANFORD DAMES. 2 Scenes; 1½ hours.....	6
GERTRUDE MASON, M.D. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	7
CHEERFUL COMPANION. 1 Act; 25 minutes.....	2
LESSON IN ELEGANCE. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	4
MAIDENS ALL FORLORN. 3 Acts; 1¼ hours.....	6
MURDER WILL OUT. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	6
ROMANCE OF PHYLLIS. 3 Acts; 1¼ hours.....	4
SOCIAL ASPIRATIONS. 1 Act; 45 minutes.....	5
OUTWITTED. 1 Act; 20 minutes.....	3
WHITE DOVE OF ONEIDA. 2 Acts; 45 minutes.....	4
SWEET FAMILY. 1 Act; 1 hour.....	8
BELLES OF BLACKVILLE. 1 Act; 2 hours.....	30
PRINCESS KIKU. (25 cents).....	13
RAINBOW KIMONA. (25 cents.) 2 Acts; 1¼ hours.....	9
MERRY OLD MAIDS. (25 cents.) Motion Song.....	11

PLAYS FOR MALE CHARACTERS ONLY

15 CENTS EACH

	M
APRIL FOOLS. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	3
BYRD AND HURD. 1 Act; 40 minutes.....	6
DARKEY WOOD DEALER. 1 Act; 20 minutes.....	3
WANTED, A MAHATMA. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	4
HOLY TERROR. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	4
MANAGER'S TRIALS. 1 Act; 1 hour.....	9
MEDICA. 1 Act; 35 minutes.....	7
NIGGER NIGHT SCHOOL. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	6
SLIM JIM AND THE HOODOO. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	5
WANTED. A CONFIDENTIAL CLERK. 1 Act; 30 minutes	6
SNOBSON'S STAG PARTY. 1 Act; 1 hour.....	12
PICKLES AND TICKLES. 1 Act; 20 minutes.....	6
HARVEST STORM. 1 Act; 40 minutes.....	10
CASE OF HERR BAR ROOMSKI. Mock Trial; 2 hours....	28
DARKEY BREACH OF PROMISE CASE. Mock Trial.	22
GREAT LIBEL CASE. Mock Trial; 1 Scene; 2 hours.....	21
RIDING THE GOAT. Burlesque Initiation; 1 Scene; 1¼ hours	24

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

LARRY

A Farce
Arranged for the American Stage

By HAROLD SANDER

COPYRIGHT 1915 BY DICK & FITZGERALD



NEW YORK
DICK & FITZGERALD
18 ANN STREET

75635
Z95213

AUG 3 1915

© Cl. D 41402

no.

LARRY

CHARACTERS.

MRS. BEACH.....	<i>Landlady of the Royal Links Hotel, Bunker-on-Sea</i>
LARRY O'REILLY.....	<i>The head waiter. A drop of Old Irish</i>
NORAH	<i>His daughter</i>
DR. FRED VINCENT.....	<i>Her lover</i>
MISS ELIZA P. TOSH.....	<i>From U. S. A.</i>
CAPTAIN SPARKER.....	<i>A motor fiend</i>
HON. GOUGH-GREEN.....	<i>A golfing crank</i>
MISS PENELOPE PANKIE.....	<i>In search of a husband</i>

TIME.—*The present.*

LOCALITY.—*Bunker-on-Sea.*

TIME OF PLAYING.—*About forty-five minutes.*

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

LARRY. Age about 40. A head-waiter of a seaside hotel, is a typical rollicking son of Erin, quick at a retort, ever ready with his wit, and quick in action. He wears an evening dress-suit, somewhat the worse for wear, with a white shirt also somewhat mussed, but nevertheless there is an air of neatness and smartness about him which shows he desires to appear well.

MRS. BEACH. Age about 35. The bustling landlady must be costumed neatly but smartly and must appear to be much above the landlady of an ordinary seaside hotel.

NORAH. Age about 18. Sweet and pretty; she is gowned in any available seaside costume.

DR. VINCENT. Age 26. Wears an outing suit appropriate to the part.

CAPT. SPARKER. A "Motor Maniac," wears a heavy motor coat and goggles, somewhat exaggerated. Is very breezy.

HON. GOUGH-GREEN. A "Golf Fiend," wears Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers and woolen stockings, all of a pronounced pattern, and heavy shoes. In manner very excited.

ELIZA TOSH. Suitable costume, as may be available.

PENELOPE PANKIE. Suitable costume, as may be available. Armed with a golf club, as she continuously races after GOUGH-GREEN.

NOTE. The costumes are suggestions only and may be varied to suit requirements.

INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES

Hotel register, bell, magazines, etc., on table. Coin, golf sticks and golf ball for GOUGH-GREEN. Golf stick for Miss PANKIE. Suit-case and handkerchief for NORAH. Coin for ELIZA TOSH and CAPT. SPARKER. Broken glass off stage.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience, R., means right hand; L., left hand.

LARRY

SCENE:—*Public room of the Royal Links Hotel. Doors R. and L. Table L. Chairs, etc.* DISCOVERED MRS. BEACH consulting visitors' book on table L.

MRS. BEACH. Well, well, we never had such a busy season! I scarcely know whether I'm on my head or my heels. If it wasn't for Larry I don't know what I'd do; he's a treasure. He manages the whole hotel—myself included. Ah, here he comes.

ENTER LARRY R.

LARRY. Misthress, charge up three soda-wathers to No. 17—the cranky ould gintleman wid the red nose. It's mesilf suspects he's been turnin' up his little finger too often last noight. Shure, there's nothin' like a sup o' the crathur, but ye've always got to pay for it the next mornin', bedad.

MRS. BEACH. Three sodas—I won't forget. Larry, if any more visitors come by the next train, remember, we've only two more rooms to let.

LARRY (*rubbing his hands*). Troth, an' that's good business. Well, now, misthress, I know ye're busy; away wid ye and I'll shtop here in charge.

MRS. BEACH. All right, Larry, I will. [EXIT MRS. BEACH R.]

LARRY. Och, but she's the foine woman, Misthress Beach! A stiddy, sinsible, level-headed crathur; and, sure, this hotel's a fair gold-moine! If 'twas mesilf, now, was landlord av it, instead av head waiter, me bread would be baked for loife! Well, I belave she has the soft side for me; an' "Ye never know yer luck," as me ould dad used to say. An', sure, here's the first wan off the train!

ENTER NORAH, R.

NORAH (*staring at LARRY in surprise*). Father!

LARRY. Thundher an' turf, if it's not Norah! (*Kisses her*)
But what are ye doin' here, acushla?

NORAH. I've come down for a few days by the sea. But I thought you were still in Dublin.

LARRY. No. I'm head waiter here for the summer season. I never found toime to write to tell yez, darlint. But, murther aloive, Norah, this'll niver do at all, at all! If ye're goin' to shtop here, ye'll have to kape it dark that I'm your father.

NORAH. What! Not acknowledge my dear old dad?

LARRY. Och, well, ye see, Norah, if the misthress knew I had a foine, swell daughter loike you, she'd be afther rejucin' me wages! That'd be a moighty poor return for me havin' sent ye to a grand school and makin' a taicher av ye in London, sure! Be jabers, I belave I'd be gettin' the sack, roight off!

NORAH (*reluctantly*). Very well, father.

LARRY (*aside*). Yes, by the powers, if Misthress Beach suspected she was to be mother of a foine, handsome colleen loike Norah here, it moight spoil me chances. (*Aloud*) No, me jewel, just hould yer whist, and we're all right! Shure, now, ye're just in toime to get wan av the last two rooms, so I'll put ye down for No. 26 before it's snapped up. "A bird in the hand's worth all the eggs in th' basket," as me ould dad used to say. Well, Norah, machree, an' how's yer swateheart kapin'?

NORAH (*downcast*). I don't know. We've quarrelled, and it's broken off!

LARRY. Ye've quarrelled? That's a pity, now; but, faith, it's aisy made up again. (*NORAH shakes her head*) What's his name, Norah? Ye never tould me whin ye wrote.

NORAH. Dr. Fred Vincent.

LARRY. Dr. Fred Vincent! (*Aside*) Thundher an' turf, if that's not the young dothor in No. 25! An' it's meself has been wondherin' what he was in the blues about. Sure, now, that bates cock-foightin'! But I'll never let on that he's shtoppin' here. (*Aloud*) Well, Norah, darlint, I'll attind to yer luggage. Run away wid ye, an' take a walk round the garden beyant—(*Pointing to L.*) before dinner's sarved, an' get up an appetote! Off wid ye!

NORAH. Very well, father, I will. [EXIT NORAH, L.

LARRY. Well, that fairly bangs Banagher! Norah and her swateheart's fell out—both of thim's here—an' nayther wan or the other knows it! But, be jabers, I'll set the thing to rights,

or my name's not Larry O'Reilly! An', sure, here's the other young fool comin'!

ENTER DR. FRED VINCENT, R., *very dejected.*

LARRY. Well, docthor, an' how's all wid ye to-day?

FRED. Just so-so, Larry. I'm not feeling up to the mark at all!

LARRY. Och, now, an' that's a pity; but ye must thry and kape up your spirits, man! "It's a poor heart that never rejoices," as me ould dad used to say. And, by the way, docthor, there's a foine young leddy just arrived that's feelin' a bit out av sorts hersilf. She's out in the garden yonder. Sure, now, ye moight have a look at her, and give me yer professional opinion. Troth, it's not every day we have a resident medical officer on the premises. Ha! ha!

FRED. Very well, Larry. (*Sighs*) Anything to kill time. I'll make a diagnosis. In the garden?

LARRY. Yes, docthor, out that way. (*Pushing him off L.*) Have a good look at her, sorr! Ta, ta! (*Aside*) An' good luck to yez both!

ENTER ELIZA P. TOSH, R.

TOSH (*strong nasal accent*). Say, waiter! Kin I have a room in this ho-tel?

LARRY. To be sure, mum, an' welkim! We're tarrible busy, but ye'll get the last av the bunch—Number Twenty-noine—and, by the powers, it's a good wan! Lovely say-view, if ye just pop yer head out av the windy and look round the corner. An' afther all, only tin shillin's a noight for bed an' breakfast!

TOSH. Two dollars 'n a half! That's vurry dear for a one-horse ho-tel like this!

LARRY. Wan horse! Hare an' Houns, mum, it's yersilf that's mistaken there; let me tell ye we've half a score av horses! (*Aside*) For dhryin' the clothes on. (*Aloud*) Howaniver, mum, this is the only hotel in the place; and, bedad, if ye're not plazed—

TOSH. Oh, vurry well! Guess I'll stay. You'll send to the depôt for my baggage, right now?

LARRY. Didn't ye bring it wid ye, mum?

TOSH. Sakes alive, I guess not! I've got six suit-cases, three innovations, and two grip-sacks!

LARRY. Arrah, now, d'ye tell me that? Ye'll be goin' to shtop here for a month, mum?

TOSH. I should smile! I've only got twenty-four hours to spend in this little township! I'm doing the grand tour of Yurrupe, and I've seen Paris, London, and Edinburgh in the last four days!

LARRY. Piper o' Moses! It's travellin' in wan o' thim new-fangled airypalanes ye've been, mum! Ye don't belong to the ould counthry, I'm thinkin'?

TOSH. Land-sakes, no! Thank goodness, I don't belong to this effete old island! I'm an Amurrican, born and bred, a citizen of the greatest Ree-public in the Uni-vursee! Why, in our country we could lose Ireland—where you come from—a dozen times over, and only find it by the smell of the whisky!

LARRY. Troth, now, I believe I've heard that same before! An' there's a few av your countrymen moighty keen in the scint—where whisky's in the question! Will ye be plazed to wroite yer name down in the visitors' book, mum? (TOSH writes) Och, yes, it's the wondherful counthry, Americky! There's a powerful lot av folks we've no use for here goes out there an' makes big fortunes, bedad!

TOSH. Well, guess I'll go to my room, right now! Where can I find an elevator?

LARRY. A—A—beg pardon, mum?

TOSH. An elevator.

LARRY. Och, yes, av coorse, it's the bar ye'll be after! But I wouldn't advise ye, mum, before dinner's sarved! I never taste mesilf betwane meals.

TOSH. No, no; I mean the lift!

LARRY. Oh, I see, I see! Arrah, now, all the lift we have here, mum, is just Shanks' pony. You understand me, mum, we go upstairs on our feet!

TOSH. H'mph! That's the worst of this worn-out old kingdom. In Amurrica, my country— (Goes R.)

LARRY (reading visitors' book). "Eliza P. Tosh, Pawtucket, U. S. A." Thundher an' turf! I say, mum, how's the ould man?

TOSH. What?

LARRY. How's yer father kapin'? For, by the same token, you must be wan o' thim Toshes that wint out to Pawtucket in eighty-noine! It's mesilf that knew yer ould dad better than his own mother—cross-eyed Micky Tosh, the Ballyshan bill-sticker!

TOSH (confused). Oh, land-sakes! Here, I say, waiter—I—there's some one coming. Jest keep your mouth shut on that bit o' history, and here's half a crown for you!

LARRY (*pocketing tip*). Right ye are, mum. I'll be deaf an' dumb as the Sphinx of Agypt! Don't be forgettin' yer number, now—Twinty-noine! [EXIT TOSH, R.]

ENTER DR. FRED, L.

FRED. Waiter, I don't see any young lady in the garden.

LARRY. Don't ye, now, docthor dear? Sure, I'll come wid ye, an' we'll soon foind her. [EXIT, L., with FRED.]

ENTER CAPTAIN SPARKER, R.

SPARKER. Waitah! Waitah! Bay Jove, no one heah! (*Rings bell on table*)

ENTER MRS. BEACH, R.

SPARKER. Ah, how-de-dah? I want to put up heah. Just come down in my mowtah—fifty miles an howah! Bay Jove, ya-as! Killed three hens and frightened two constables to death—haw-haw! My mowtah's a forty horse-power Daimlah. She's a rippah, bay Jove, ya-as! I say, can I put up heah?

MRS. BEACH. Oh, yes, sir. I can let you have a very nice room—Number Twenty-nine. This way, sir, upstairs and to your right. (*Going R.*)

SPARKER. Very good! I'll tell my chauffah to carry up my luggage. You should see my mowtah—she's a rippah! By Jove, ya-as! [EXIT, R.]

ENTER NORAH, L.

NORAH (*agitated*). Well, I never! If that isn't Fred out there in the garden! Fred, of all people! How did he know I was here? He must have followed me—the wretch! How dare he come here at all? But I will never forgive him for flirting with that other girl.

ENTER LARRY, L.

LARRY. Bedad, an' ye're here, are ye, Norah?

NORAH. Yes, I'm here! Father, do you know who that was with you in the garden? Dr. Vincent.

LARRY. Dr. Vincent it was, me jewel! Saints aloive, ye don't mane to tell me he's your Docthor Vincent—your swate-heart? Arrah, now, how was I to know that? He's been

stoppin' here for the last wake, in Number Twenty-foive. Poor young fella, I'm tarrible sorry for him; for it's moighty bad he is, I'm thinkin'!

NORAH (*anxiously*). You don't mean to say he's ill, father?

LARRY (*shaking head*). Och, yes, the poor young gintleman's dyin' on his feet. He moight go off any day!

NORAH (*suspiciously*). Nonsense! He's as strong as a horse. And if he is ill he deserves to be! (*Disappointedly*) He didn't follow me here, after all. But now, perhaps, he will think I have followed him. He mustn't see me. I shall leave Bunker-on-Sea at once.

LARRY. Sure, now, Norah, don't bother yer pretty head about him. It 'ud be a pity to have yer holiday spoiled for a de-saivin', worthless young rapscaillon like him.

NORAH (*indignantly*). He's not! Fred's not a—a—what you said! But you are right; I shan't allow him to drive me away. I'll simply freeze him if he attempts to speak to me! (*Sits at table, taking up magazine*)

ENTER *the Hon. GOUGH-GREEN, golf clubs slung on back, club in hand, followed by PENELOPE PANKIE.*

PANKIE. I say, dear Mr. Gough-Green—

GOUGH-GREEN. Run away, and don't bother me!

PANKIE. But, dear Mr. Gough-Green, I want to tell you—

GOUGH-GREEN (*irascibly*). And I don't want to hear you! Say, waiter, I've made a record this morning—went round the course in seventy-five! It's a fact—absolutely!

LARRY. Did ye, now? Man alive, I wouldn't have belaved it was in ye!

PANKIE. But, dear Mr. Gough-Green—

GOUGH-GREEN (*waving her aside*). I tell you it's the case—absolutely! Did the fifth hole in three, the seventh in five, though I was bunkered twice, and that fearful ninth hole—

PANKIE. The ninth hole! Oh, dear Mr. Gough-Green—

GOUGH-GREEN. Don't interrupt me, madam! Waiter, the ninth hole in four—absolutely!

LARRY (*aside, crossing R.*). It's a wondherful liar ye are—absolutely. [EXIT, R.]

GOUGH-GREEN. Had a fearful bad stymie at the eighteenth—fearful, absolutely! (*Puts ball on floor*) My ball was here, the other ball there, but I played—so! (*Drives ball through door, R. Crash, off*)

PANKIE (*screams*). Oh! Dear Mr. Gough-Green!

GOUGH-GREEN (*gasps*). I've done it now—absolutely!

ENTER LARRY, R.

LARRY (*sternly*). Sure, an' ye have done it, right through! I've told you before not to play golf in this room! It's a Gough-Green ye may be yersilf, but this isn't wan! And now, bedad, if ye haven't gone an' smashed a valliabile ornamint av Venaitian glass—all the way from Venaisly. Thundher an' turf, what will Misthress Beach say?

GOUGH-GREEN. Say, waiter, I'm sorry—absolutely! Here's five shillings for yourself to keep dark about it. An accident—absolutely! I'll go and practise putting on the lawn!

[EXIT, L., *putting imaginary balls with club.*

PANKIE (*following him*). Do you know, dear Mr. Gough-Green—

[EXIT L.

LARRY (*looking after them*). Arrah, now, chase him up, me woman; ye'll maybe catch him yet! (*Looking at tip*) Five shillin's! Well, sure, "It's not lost what a friend gets," as me ould dad used to say! An', bedad, it was just an ould lamp-globe I dropped at the right moment—absolutely!

Noise, R. ENTER CAPT. SPARKER and MISS TOSH, *arguing volubly.*

TOSH. I say you're an impurrtinent fellow—an impurrtinent fellow, and I reckon you'd better skiddoo out of this hotel, right naow!

SPARKER. I say, you are coming it strong—rathaw! My name is Captain Sparker, and I came down heah in my mow-tah!

TOSH. I reckon it don't matter to me if you're Teddy Roosevelt, or if you arrived here in Halley's Comet! Number Twenty-nine was let to me by the boss waiter, and you've got no call to dump your traps in my apartment.

SPARKER. But, my deah lady, that room was let to me. 'Pon my honah!

LARRY. Whist ye now, whist! What's all this botheration about?

TOSH. Waiter, I hired Number Twenty-nine from you, and this man had the impurrtinence to come right into my room when I was doing up my back hair.

LARRY (*to SPARKER*). Murther alive, man, ye moight be

thinkin' shame av yersilf! I'm surprised at ye! Have ye no sense of modesty at all, at all?

SPARKER. But, look heah, waitah, when I arrived in my mowtah, the landlady let the room to me. Bay Jove, ya-as!

LARRY. Well, sure, here's the misthress hersilf!

ENTER MRS. BEACH, R.

SPARKER. Aw, I say, my good lady, didn't ye let me Number Twenty-nine?

MRS. BEACH. I did, sir, not ten minutes since.

LARRY. Thin, faith, misthress, ye were foive minutes too late; for it's mesilf had already given to Miss Tosh here, the daughter av—(*Catches TOSH's eye*)—och, yes—this leddy from the United States av Americky!

MRS. BEACH. Oh, dear, dear, whatever's to be done?

LARRY. You leave that to me, misthress. I'll make it square wid the Captain here.

MRS. BEACH (*relieved*). That's all right, then. Miss, come away! Ah, Larry is a treasure!

[EXIT TOSH and MRS. BEACH, R.

SPARKER. But, look heah, waitah—

LARRY. Arrah, now, be aisy, General, be aisy! That room's let; but it's mesilf can provide ye wid the very pick o' beds—in the bathroom. Plinty av fresh air, an' mortial convanient if ye should feel dhry through the noight. Ye've only to put up yer hand and screw on the tap, as nate as ye loike! Or, be-dad, ye can slape on the billiard-table at noinepince an hour.

SPARKER. Really! You are very accommodating, waitah! Think I'd rathaw move on furthah in my mowtah. By the way, have you seen my mowtah? She's a rippah!

LARRY. D'ye tell me that, now? Maybe she is; but, faith, I'd rather have a gig an' a wee pony, sorr!

SPARKER (*sees NORAH*). Bay Jove, I say, waitah, what a pretty girl! She's a clippah! Is she stopping heah?

LARRY. Troth, an' she is.

SPARKER. Then I won't go! You can put me down for the bathroom—rathaw! (*Twirls moustache and crosses to NORAH*) Morning, Miss. Beautiful weathaw for the time of yeah. Bay Jove, ya-as!

NORAH (*coldly*). Do you think so?

SPARKER. I say, would you care for a run in my mowtah? She's a rippah!

NORAH. Thanks, I won't trouble you!

SPARKER. Oh, no trouble, I assure you! I'll go and tell my chauffah. (*Going off, R.*) I say, chauffah! [EXIT R.]

LARRY. Bedad, it's toime the young docthor was looking afther his swateheart!

NORAH (*rises*). The bounder! I'm off! [EXIT, *hurriedly, L.*]

LARRY. Sowld again, Goggles, me bhoy, or me name's not Larry.

SPARKER (*returns*). Now, Miss, my mowtah— Bay Jove, she's not heah! I say, waitah, where has the young lady gone?

LARRY. The young leddy, sorr? D'ye mane the wan ye were thyrin' to put the blarney on?

SPARKER. Ya-as; where is she? I want to take her for a run in my mowtah!

LARRY. I see, sorr, I see! Ye want to do the agreeable, now, sorr? Well, you just leave that to me, General; I'll make it all right—for a consideration, sorr!

SPARKER. Aw, I understand, bay Jove, ya-as! Well, here's half a sov. for you. You'll find her and tell her?

LARRY. Depind upon me, General; I'll tell her, sure enough. (*Biting half sovereign and pocketing it*) But man aloive, here she is, in the very nick av toime!

ENTER Miss TOSH, R.

LARRY. Miss Tosh, mum, the General here is tarrible sorry he huffed ye; an' to make up for it, he's goin' to take ye for a run in his motor—the foinest car that iver—

SPARKER (*pulling LARRY'S sleeve*). No, no, you old idiot, I don't mean her!

LARRY. Howld yer whisht, Major, howld yer whisht! I'll see ye through! Sure, Miss, the Colonel's terrible shy, so he's axed me to spake up for him! (*SPARKER squirms*) An' he'd be as plazed as Punch—

TOSH. If I'd go for a ride in his auto-mobile? Surrtainly! I accept with pleasure! (*Crossing to SPARKER, holding out hand*) You're a bit of real stuff, after all! Shake!

SPARKER (*confused, shaking hands limply*). But, look heah, I didn't mean—

TOSH. Oh, never mind apologies, Captain. I guess life's too short. Come along. You may take my arm! We've auto-mobiles in my country—

[EXIT TOSH, *talking*, SPARKER *shaking fist at LARRY*]

LARRY (*chuckling*). Arrah, now, Lieutenant, off ye go in your forty horse-power hen-killer. But ye'll not spoil the docthor's chances wid Norah.

ENTER NORAH, L.

NORAH. Upon my word, I don't know where to go. Fred in the garden, and that dreadful motor man here. Ah, he's gone! Father, I came down here for peace and quiet, but if I have to endure this sort of thing I won't stay another hour.

LARRY. Aisy now, Norah, darlint. Him wid the goggles 'll not throuble ye for a while, anyhow! (NORAH *sits at table with magazine*) Thundher an' turf, here's that lunatic golfer comin' back. I'll away an' swape up the broken lamp-globe before he gets his eye on it! [EXIT, R.

ENTER HON. GOUGH-GREEN, *hurriedly*, L.

GOUGH-GREEN. Confound that Pankie woman! She tracks me like a sleuth-hound! I'm safe nowhere, nowhere—absolutely! (*Sees NORAH*) I say, who's this? She's a daisy—absolutely! (*Crosses to NORAH*) Ahem! (*Coughs*) Ahem! (*Louder. NORAH looks up*) You play golf, of course, Miss? Won't you come and play a round with me?

NORAH (*coldly*). I never play golf—with strangers!

GOUGH-GREEN. Ah, that's too bad, too bad—absolutely! Well, won't you come and watch me play? I'm a record-breaker—absolutely! Did the course in—dash it, here's Pankie again! I'm off—absolutely! [EXIT, *hastily*, R.

ENTER MISS PANKIE, *running*, L.

PANKIE. Dear Mr. Gough-Green! Where is he? I'm sure I saw him here!

ENTER LARRY, R.

PANKIE. Waiter, have you seen dear Mr. Gough-Green?

LARRY. Sure, now, an' I did see him.

PANKIE. Then where is he? I want him particularly. Waiter, I'll give you half a crown to tell me!

LARRY. Troth, Miss, an' it's yersilf desarves to nab him for nothing; but, bedad, I'll be afther takin' the half-crown! Out this way, Miss; it's off to the links he is. [EXIT *both*, R.

NORAH. Oh, these apologies for men! There's none of them like my Fred, after all!

ENTER DR. FRED, *disconsolately*, L.

FRED. Wonder who she was? I saw a girl slipping through the bushes awfully like my Norah. But it couldn't be. (*Sighs*) Oh, Norah, Norah, I'd give the world to see you again!

NORAH (*sighs*). Poor fellow!

FRED (*turns*). What! Norah?

NORAH (*rises*). Fred! (*Sits again*) No, don't come near me! I hate you! (*Handkerchief to eyes*) You're a cruel, heartless flirt!

FRED. Norah, darling, don't say that! If you'd only let me explain. The girl you saw me with was my cousin, and she's married.

NORAH. Married! Then it doesn't matter! Oh, Fred, can you forgive me?

FRED. My angel. (*They embrace*)

NORAH. Fred, don't! Some one will see us! Follow me to the garden.

FRED. To the end of the world, my cherub!

[EXEUNT, *lovingly*, L.]

ENTER MRS. BEACH, R.

MRS. BEACH. Larry! Larry! Dear, dear, there's never five minutes in the day but I'm needing his advice!

ENTER LARRY, R.

LARRY. Did I hear yer swate voice cryin' on me, misthress?

MRS. BEACH. Yes, Larry. I'm in another pickle! The old dowager in Number Nineteen wants champagne and oysters for lunch—says she can't exist another day without them—and there's not such a thing to be got in Bunker-on-Sea.

LARRY. Well, misthress, just you take her up ginger beer and mussels, an' tell her they're just as good, an' bedad, a moighty dale chaper!

MRS. BEACH (*warmly*). Larry, you're a perfect wonder! I don't know what I'd do without you!

LARRY (*aside*). Troth, an' that's a foine opening for me! Bedad, I'll just "Take the bull by the horns," as me ould dad used to say—an' pop the question right off! (*Aloud*) Misthress, there's divil a bit av necessity for ye to do widout me at all! I'm yours for loife, if ye loike! Sure, I know ye're as good as ye're beautiful. It's mesilf that worships the very ground ye trid on; an' if ye'll only say the word I'll make ye Misthress Larry O'Reilly before the month's out!

MRS. BEACH (*cooly*). Oh, Larry, this is too sudden! But if you really love me——

LARRY. I do that, sure, wid a heart an' a half! Come, darlint, give me a kiss, an' we'll call the thing settled. (*They embrace*)

ENTER DR. FRED *and* NORAH, L., *arm-in-arm*.

NORAH (*surprised*). Father!

MRS. BEACH *and* FRED. Father?

LARRY. Faith, "It's a wise choild that knows it's own father,"—as me ould dad used to say! Well, sure, the cat's out av the bag now! (*To* MRS. BEACH) Yes, me jewel, Norah is me own daughter, and I'm sure she's wan to be proud av! Norah, machree, let me present ye to Misthress O'Reilly the second. An', by the same token, I see you and the young docthor have made it up betwane ye, too. I'm quite agreeable, so, bedad, we're all happy! Bless ye, me childhren, bless ye!

ENTER HON. GOUGH-GREEN, *hurriedly*, R., *pursued* by MISS PANKIE, *and off*, L.

PANKIE. Dear Mr. Gough-Green—— [EXEUNT, L.

LARRY. Tin to wan on Pankie for the Matrimonial Stakes! But what's this next? (*Noise off* L.)

ENTER CAPT. SPARKER, *supporting* MISS TOSH, *both muddy and dishevelled*.

SPARKER *and* TOSH (*groaning*). Oh, oh, oh!

LARRY. Saints presarve us! What's wrong now?

SPARKER. Oh! oh! Had a beastly smash in my mowtah!

LARRY. Well, it's mesilf tould ye, ye'd be better off wid a gig and a wee pony, sorr.

SPARKER. The sparking-plug got involved with the differential gearing, and tore the sprockets off the accumulatah! A large cow was rapidly approaching; I saw it must eithaw be the ditch or the cow, so with great presence of mind I charged the cow!

TOSH (*clinging to him*). Yes, it was noble of you, my gallant life presurrver!

LARRY (*aside*). Bedad, I'm thinkin' it was the cow, an' not the calf, that saved yer loife!

SPARKER. It was fearfully exciting—rathaw! But the lady

heah was jolly plucky—made no screaming nor fuss! (To TOSH) I say, you're just the sort of wife for a spawtsman! Bay Jove, ye-as, I should like to take you for a long trip in the matrimonial mowtah. 'Pon my honah—ya-as!

TOSH. Well, I reckon you're just likely to suit me! Shake! (They shake hands)

LARRY. Hear, hear! Sure, an' ould Micky Tosh—ahem—I mane to say yer pa in Amerricky, will be tarrible plazed! Bless ye, me childhren, bless ye!

HON. GOUGH-GREEN *rushes on, L., crosses to R., MISS PANKIE holding his coat-tails.*

GOUGH-GREEN. Let go, woman; let go, I tell you!

LARRY. Fair play, Misther Gough-Green, fair play! Bedad, an' she's caught ye this toime, right enough! An' sure, it's a shame to ye to be runnin' away from a leddy. Be jabers, here's three av us have agreed to put up wid wan aich for loife! An' for why should you not be afther doing the same, now?

GOUGH-GREEN. But I don't want to be married—don't, absolutely! When I do, I'll take a wife who can show me something at golf.

PANKIE. But, dear Mr. Gough-Green, if you would only listen. I've been trying to tell you all morning! I played the ninth hole in two yesterday!

GOUGH-GREEN. Absolutely? Ah! That settles it! (They embrace) We'll play over the course of life together!

LARRY. An' may ye niver be bunkered all your days! Bless ye, me childhren, bless ye! An' now, faix, we're all paired off as nate as noinepince; an' bedad, if we live to the age av Methusalum, we'll niver forget this blessed day—

MRS. BEACH. And what we all owe to "Larry."

SPARKER.	TOSH.	LARRY.	MRS. BEACH.
PANKIE.			NORAH.
GOUGH-GREEN.			FRED.

CURTAIN.

PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE

A Military Comedy-Drama in Four Acts, by CHARLES WALCOTT RUSSELL

PRICE, 25 CENTS

Ten male (two may double), three female characters, and a child about five years of age, viz.: Leading juvenile man, heavy, second heavy, light comedy, two low comedians, strong old man, negro comedian, leading juvenile lady, walking lady and negro girl comedian. One interior scene; three exteriors, two of them closely similar. Time of playing, two hours and a quarter. An excellent play, as all the parts are good and evenly divided. Five comedy parts make it lively enough for any audience. The leading parts are strongly drawn yet easily handled. A play of the Civil War that will arouse no ill-feeling North or South. Professional stage rights reserved. Amateur production free.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

ACT I.—The dance at Verley's house. The mysterious hand, disappearance of the ice-cream and Bingo's dilemma. Teena's ingenious explanation. Dupré's courting and Kate Preston's defence of Elliott. Bingo and Teena. Dupré accuses Elliott of cheating at cards. Dupré persistent, and Elliott's disgrace.

ACT II.—The Federal Camp. Mickey Free loses a finger. Elliott arrives with dispatches. Dupré's endeavor to obtain them. Elliott's arrest for assaulting his superior officer, Dupré. Rescue of Marjorie. Heroism.

ACT III.—Dupré's mean revenge. Kate's defence of Confederate generals. Elliott's rescue of his Company's flag. "Sheridan's Cavalry never retreats!" Preston a prisoner of war. Elliott in charge of dispatches to Gen. Grant. Dupré accuses Elliott of having served time in prison. "Yes, Victor Dupré, I spent two months of my life in the military prison of Andersonville." Honor.

ACT IV.—Sally Verley's jealousy. Preston's explanation. Elliott prepares for taking the dispatches to General Grant. The loaded cigar. Teena's assignation and Bingo's opportunity. Preston refuses to steal the dispatches. Dupré's determination overheard by Kate. "The dispatches have been stolen!" Detection of Dupré. Elliott's vindication. The dispatches unnecessary. "General Lee has surrendered."

WHAT'S NEXT?

A Farce-Comedy in Three Acts, by BOB WATT

PRICE, 25 CENTS

Seven male, four female characters, with four utility parts to be doubled by the preceding. If desired, a lot of school children can be worked into the first act. Two interior scenes, School Room and Parlor; easily staged; can be played in any hall. Time of playing, two hours and a half. A "specialty" play that is simply three acts of laugh. Has a first-rate leading soubrette rôle (Country Girl). Audiences will giggle over this play for a month and then want to see it played again.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

ACT I.—THE BOGTOWN DISTRICT SCHOOL. Chub's story. Scheme No. 1. "Have you a week-day and a Sunday name?" Poke's Pine Potion. The compact. Polly's first lesson in love. One of the deestric school board. Visitors. "Washington crossing the Alps." Scheme No. 2. The school examination. Zeph makes a sensation. The young idea out shooting. "Danged if it ain't like the circus!"

ACT II.—MOSES MADDER'S STUDIO IN NEW YORK. A domestic set-to. Willie comes in, in a hurry. "Bwing on the girl and the minister." Polly paralyzes the dude. "You're a pretty good liar, ain't you?" Hiring a "boomer." Chub and Polly. Gertie gets gushing. Timothy Trenwith, from Texas. Zeph has another conniption. Getting some points from the widow. A jolly row in the house. Willie gets left. Madder's schemes grow shaky. "First scalp for Zeph!"

ACT III.—SCENE AS BEFORE. A flattering arrangement. "Look here, I ain't no angel!" Polly's plan. Willie in trouble again. Gertie and the widow have another tiff. Another scheme smashed. Mary Ann Fogarty on the servant question. Gertie catches a man at last. "The circus is going to begin." Willie runs amuck with wan av the foinest. Madder's masterpiece. The "boomer" takes a trick. "I'm as happy as ef I owned the hull State of Texas!" Gertie on the warpath. "O Chub, that kerfumuxes me!" Willie and the widow. "I've got a little lie and I can't tell a hatchet." The last scheme knocked in the head. "WHAT'S NEXT?"

ROBERT EMMET (New Version)

A Drama in three acts, revised by CHARLES TOWNSEND.

PRICE, 15 CENTS

This new version of this great historical drama, originally requiring elaborate scenery, is so simplified by reducing the stage settings to four scenes—2 interiors and 2 exteriors, that it can easily be represented with the ordinary resources of Town and Village halls, but retaining the plot and action of the original drama.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ROBERT EMMET, the Irish Patriot	SERGEANT TOPFALL	} of the English Army
DARBY O'GAFF, Sprig of the Emerald Isle	CORPORAL THOMAS	
O'LEARY, an old Soldier	LORD NORBURY	} the Judges
DOWDALL, Friend to Emmet	BARON GEORGE	
KERNAN, a Traitor	BARON DALY	
MARIA, Emmet's Wife	JUDY O'DOUGHERTY, beloved by	

Peasants, Soldiers, Colleagues of Emmet's, Constables, Jury. [Darby
TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—Two Hours.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

ACT I.—The Spy,—“where have I seen that mug before?” The disguise, the wrestle, defeat, recognition. The prisoner, the Sergeant baffled, the rescue, the Judge—“My name is Robert Emmet!”

ACT II.—Emmet's home—the letter, “I shall be home to-day.” The wife's plea. The search, Darby's stratagem. The secret conclave. The traitor unmasked. The escape and betrayal.

ACT III.—Darby and Judy, “Hurrah for America!” Emmet a prisoner, the trial, guilty, sentence of death, the parting from his wife. Emmet's fruitless appeal.

BUTTERNUT'S BRIDE; OR, SHE WOULD BE A WIDOW

An Original Farce-Comedy in Three Acts, for Laughing Purposes Only
By LEVIN C. TEES

PRICE, 25 CENTS

Eleven male, six female characters (by doubling, the piece can be played by seven gentlemen and four ladies). The leading male parts offer great opportunities for two comedians; the remaining male characters will yield barrels of fun. All of the female parts are first-rate and none of them difficult to play. As played by MATTHEWS & BULGER, under the name of at “At Gay Coney Island,” this play has won applause everywhere in packed houses. It is a laugh-producer all around. Time of playing, two and a half hours.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

ACT I.—Dr. Syrup's office. An M.D. in the dumps. “When are you going to pay me my wages, sa-ay?” Making 'em feel at home. Poor Willie. Striking a bargain. Uncle Abel's scheme. Daisy in a scrape. An unprincipled plumber with a classical countenance. A deputy sheriff taking stock on the quiet. Throwing out the wrong man. Fifty dollars for a husband. Doctor, the bath-tub is busted and the house is afloat!

ACT II.—The home of Butternut's bride in Madison Avenue. Not such a soft snap after all. “When I win my wife's affections, I'll raise your wages.” Willie floored and the ladies have a little set-to. Old acquaintances hatch a nice little plot. The doctor and the undertaker disappear through the window, and the plumber assumes control of the establishment. The greatest scheme of all. A burglar goes a burgling. Another surprise for old Butternut. Uncle Abel is mistaken for a lunatic and run off to the asylum, and Gophir Bill takes the last trick.

ACT III.—Hotel parlor at Dover. Uncle Abel, bent on vengeance, sets a trap for the plumber. Butternut on a bicycle. “She bought you for a job lot and got stuck.” “Fixing” the Legislature. “Telling her all.” Willie's infernal machine. Making a will in a hurry. Mrs. Syrup gives up boxing lessons, and the doctor gets another chance in business. The infernal machine knocks out the Legislature. Butternut on the matrimonial market again. Finale.

THE EAST SIDERS

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts, by ANTHONY E. WILLS

PRICE, 25 CENTS

CHARACTERS

EMIL SCHULTZ, an old tailor.....	Old German
PAUL ALBERS, in his employ.....	Character Heavy
JAMES KEEGAN, a typical New Yorker.....	Comedy
ROBERT PERRY, an actor.....	Lead
DANIEL JARVIS, a prosperous merchant.....	Character old man
CLARENCE FROTHINGHAM, a dry-goods clerk.....	Dude
OFFICER McNALLY, a policeman.....	Comedy
OTTO WERNER, a street musician.....	German comedy
MRS. SCHULTZ, the tailor's wife.....	Old lady comedy
EDNA SCHULTZ, her daughter.....	Lead
LIEUTENANT BROCKWAY, a Salvation lassie.....	Straight
DOLLY HAMMOND, who lives upstairs.....	Soubrette

ONE INTERIOR STAGE-SETTING.—TIME, 2 Hours.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

ACT I.—New Year's Eve. Paul Albers arrives, expecting to marry Edna. Mr. Jarvis hears some plain truths. The mistake of Clarence. The mortgage. The marriage of Edna and Perry announced. Edna driven from home.

ACT II.—July, eighteen months later. Jarvis opens the big store. McNally receives a scare. Paul's gambling. Good advice thrown away. The overdue mortgage. Paul's theft. Edna accused.

ACT III.—October, three months later. The distress of Schultz. Sheriff in charge. Edna's operatic success. An obdurate father. Arrest of Paul. Some lively bidding. Dolly's purchase. Schultz relents. Everybody happy.

ROCKY FORD

A Western Drama in Four Acts

By BURTON L. SPILLER

PRICE, 25 CENTS

Eight male (2 may double), three female characters. One exterior, two interior scenes. Time, 2 hours. The action revolves around the theft of a will by a gentlemanly villain, whereby Jack, a young ranchman (lead), nearly loses not only a fortune, but also his affianced bride. Jack's two cowboy friends come to his rescue, however, and through their timely interference the plan to defraud him is foiled. A Kentucky major and a middle-aged spinster have excellent comedy parts.

MILITARY PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

	M.	F.
BY THE ENEMY'S HAND. 4 Acts; 2 hours	10	4
EDWARDS, THE SPY. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	10	4
PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE. 4 Acts; 2¼ hours..	10	4
CAPTAIN DICK. 3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	9	6
ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA. 4 Acts; 2 hours....	9	3
LITTLE SAVAGE. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	4	4
BY FORCE OF IMPULSE. (15 cents.) 5 Acts; 2½ hours	9	3
BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2 hours	8	3

RURAL PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

MAN FROM MAINE. 5 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	9	3
AMONG THE BERKSHIRES. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	8	4
OAK FARM. 3 Acts; 2½ hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	7	4
GREAT WINTERSON MINE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	4
SQUIRE THOMPSON'S DAUGHTER. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	5	2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
FROM PUNKIN RIDGE. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1 hour..	6	3
LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

ENTERTAINMENTS

25 CENTS EACH

AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY. 1 Scene.....	5	11
BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION. 1 Scene.....	4	30
IN THE FERRY HOUSE. 1 Scene; 1½ hours.....	19	15
JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour.....	3	10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1¼ hours.....	4	4
YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 1 Scene.	13	12
FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY.....	8	11
JOLLY BACHELORS. Motion Song or Recitation.....	11	
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY. 30 minutes.....	15	14
EASTER TIDINGS. 20 minutes.....	8	
BUNCH OF ROSES. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1½ hours.....	1	13
OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 cents.).....	11	8

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.



COMEDIES AND DRAMAS

25 CENTS EACH

	M.	F.
BREAKING HIS BONDS. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	3
BUTTERNUT'S BRIDE. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	11	6
COLLEGE CHUMS. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	9	3
COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	4
DEACON. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	8	6
DELEGATES FROM DENVER. 2 Acts; 45 minutes....	3	10
DOCTOR BY COURTESY. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	5
EASTSIDERS, The. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	8	4
ESCAPED FROM THE LAW. 5 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
GIRL FROM PORTO RICO. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN. 3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	4	6
JAIL BIRD. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	3
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
MY LADY DARRELL. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	13	4
NEXT DOOR. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
REGULAR FLIRT. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
ROGUE'S LUCK. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	4
STEEL KING. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
WHAT'S NEXT? 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	7	4
WHITE LIE. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	4	3

WESTERN PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

ROCKY FORD. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	8	3
GOLDEN GULCH. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	11	3
RED ROSETTE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	3
MISS MOSHER OF COLORADO. 4 Acts; 2½ hours....	5	3
STUBBORN MOTOR CAR. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	7	4
CRAWFORD'S CLAIM. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.	9	3

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.